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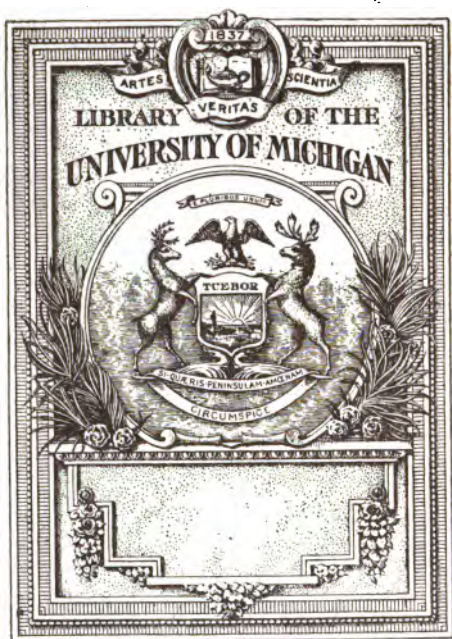
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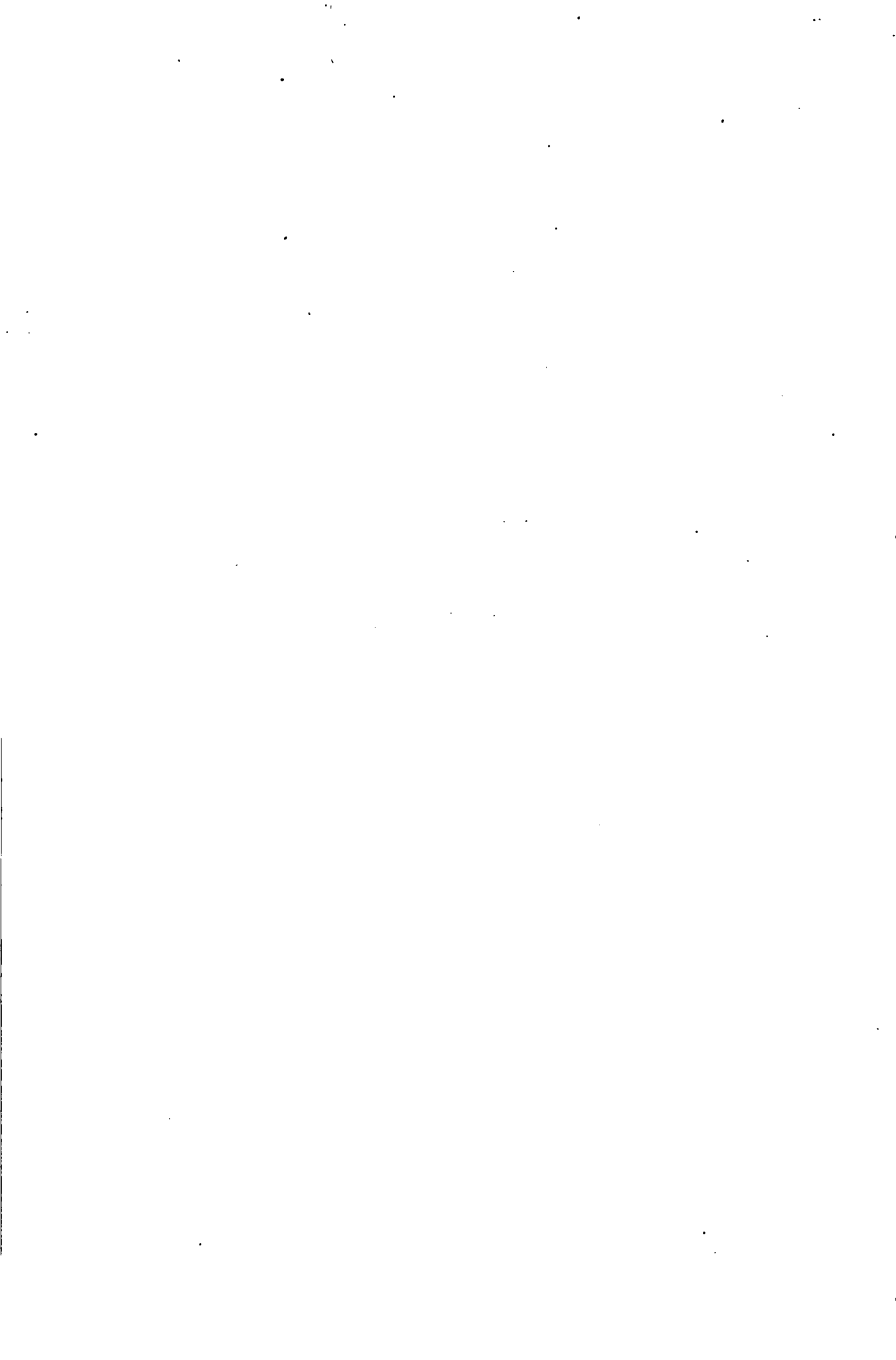
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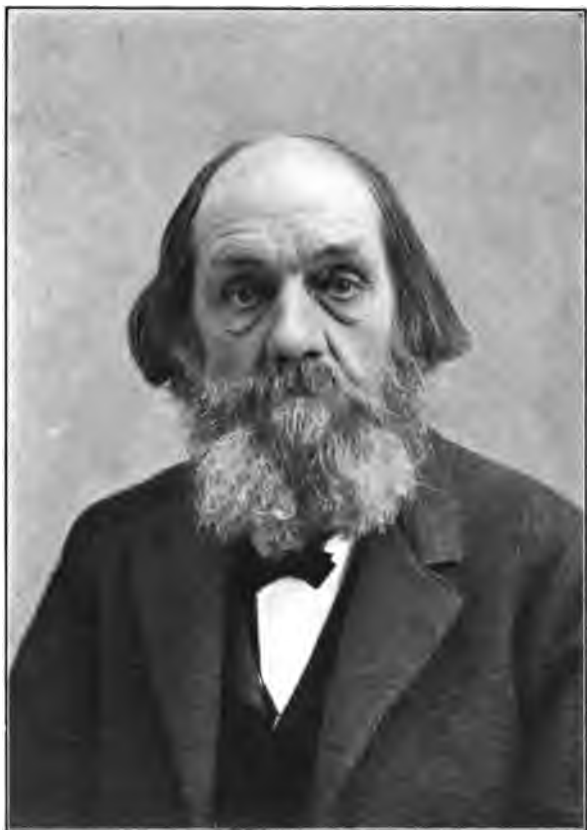
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EDWARD EVERETT HALE



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**The
Foundations of the Republic**





EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D., LL.D.,
Chaplain of the United States Senate,
Author of "The Man Without a Country," etc.

THE FOUNDATIONS OF THE REPUBLIC

"The State is the realization of the moral idea."

—HEGEL

BY

EDWARD EVERETT HALE

Author of "The Man Without a Country"

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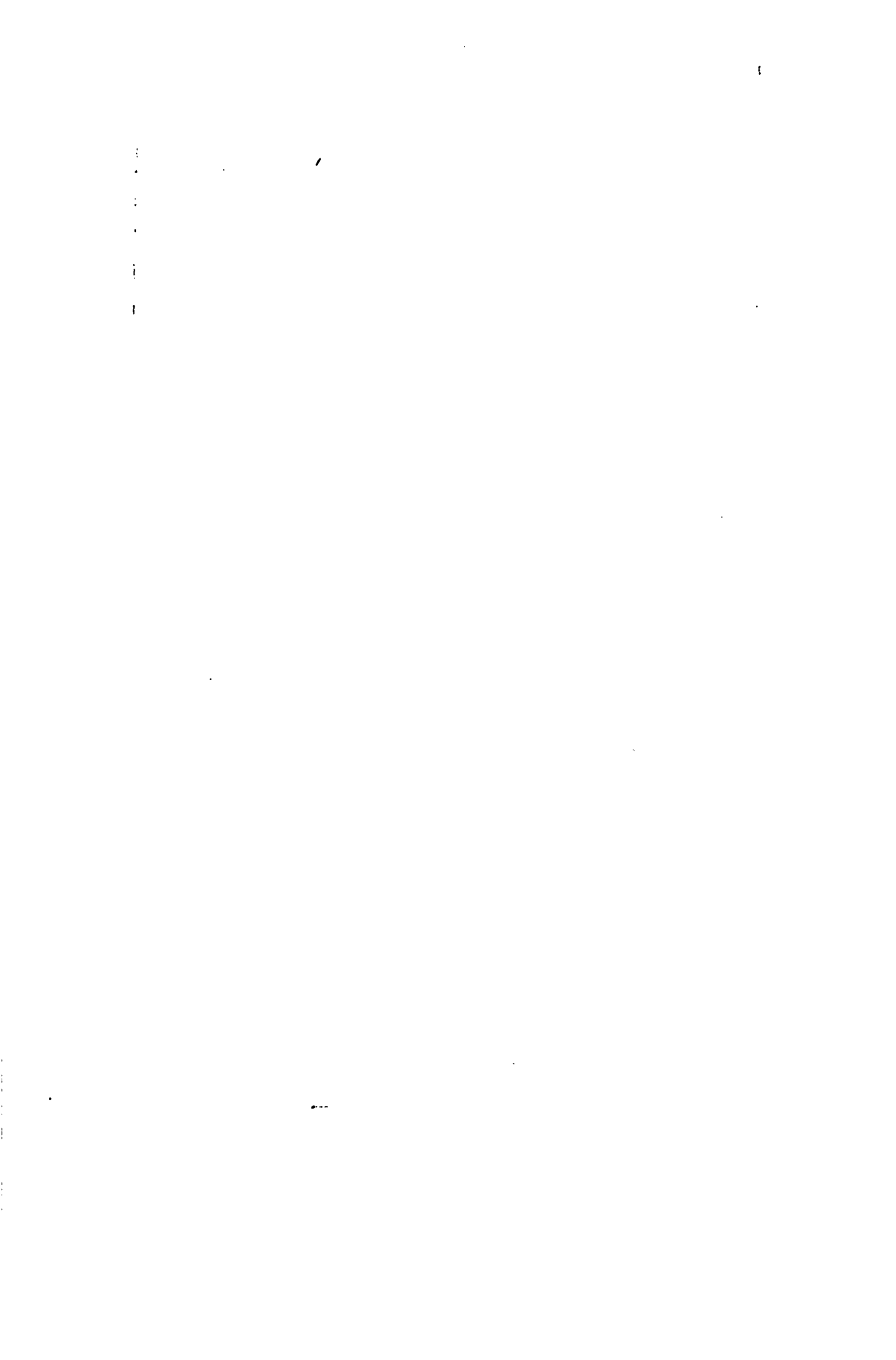
NOTE

The directors of the Brooklyn Institute invited me kindly in 1903 and 1905 to deliver the introductory addresses of their courses on government and sociology. I was of course very glad to do so.

The two addresses really belong together, and the reader finds them both in this volume. The first was delivered on the evening of November 4, 1905, the other on the evening of November 4, 1903.

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I

The Foundations

THE success of the American Republic is due to the empire of the Moral Forces. In our new century the Moral Forces are to control the physical forces of America.

We have created these giants which we call power stations or engines or dynamos, and they are to serve us. They will serve us; they will have to obey God and man. God and MAN are the Moral Forces. They are to control the new century.

THE attacks on universal suffrage, whether from the bully Carlyle or the dainty Matthew Arnold, all center in the true statement that, in the long run, the decisions of universal

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suffrage are made by the average man. They are not made by the most learned man ; they are not made by the brightest man ; they are made by the average man. In what I am to say to you, I shall admit that this statement is true. I hope to show you at the same time that that decision will be governed and directed by the MORAL FORCES. I hope to show you that what men seek at bottom is *good* government. They are glad to have wise government, they are glad to have showy and dignified government, they are glad to have æsthetic government. But more than wisdom, and better than wisdom, better even than beauty is goodness. Good government,—let us remember that that is what we are seeking for.

I cannot state this so well as it was stated by your great Leader on Thursday.

“You people of New York, you want your boy to be *good*. You don’t want him a milk-sop, but you want him *good*. When your girl grows up you want for her husband a

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young man who has faith in something, who trusts something, who goes right back to these old moralities."

Simply, gentlemen and ladies, in every great crisis, you are forced back inevitably on the Moral Forces.

[Now your central question in a republic like ours is this: How can we keep the average man up to the divine standard? The baby is born a child of God. That is Saint John's great phrase. The boy is a "son of God," the girl is a daughter of God. For the first seven years, for the second seven years, and the third seven years,—the first three "climacterics" of the old writers, we choose to say, probably rightly, that the boy is not developed. He cannot fight; he shall not vote. But at twenty-one he enters into the government. We give him *universal* suffrage. It is universal. Can we preserve,—how can we preserve, the divine characteristics with which he is born? He was a "son of God"

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twenty-one years ago. Is he a "son of God" to-day? Can we trust to an average man the moral duties of a citizen? Does the average man want justice in the courts? Does the average man want freedom to choose his own hours of rest and of action? Does the average man wish that his daughter shall be pure and his son temperate? What is the moral training and what is the moral status in the average man from his twenty-first year to his hundredth?

I am to use the hour in which you have permitted me to speak in illustrations of the propositions with which I began. I am not to prove them logically. I am going to begin at the other end. I shall begin by two parables, thus using the method which from the beginning of the book of Genesis to this hour has proved most efficient in establishing Truth. What is popularly called the demonstration follows afterward.

For Parable Number One, we will imagine

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a fine young fellow of a good stature, personal bearing, education, and wealth. Let him be the average man of this assembly. That is to say, he is handsome, he is light of limb, he is five feet eleven inches and a half high; he has a decent education, though he does not quite know the difference between the optative and the subjunctive, and he never knows where the *e* comes in the verb *seize*. He obtained his degree last summer at your university. His father has said to him, "John, I will place in your hands a hundred thousand dollars, and you are to establish yourself. You will never come to me for any money again and you will go to that part of the world which on the whole you like best." Or simply, "You will do what you choose." This young man starts on that great adventure.

He goes into the Astor Library and with the assistance of Dr. Billings he studies the geography of the world. He stumbles on

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Waddington's Travels in Edom, the country east of the Jordan. It is the country where that young man dwelt who "had great possessions," to whom our Saviour made the central remark of practical life. It is fertile; it has rain enough and not too much; the oaks of Bashan have been proverbial for four millenniums; the cattle of Bashan had a name before men had heard of Wyoming or Montana or of Texas, or of Alderney or Jersey. John Stuyvesant, we will call him, opens credit with the Barings, he sails from New York and takes a Man Friday with him. He takes a Mediterranean steamer and lands at Beyrout or Jaffa in Syria. He contracts with a dragoman there and goes to Edom. He finds it all that Mr. Waddington has said. He makes real all that the Bible has said; he makes interesting excursions eastward, northward, and southward. And after all this, at the end of six weeks he returns to America and he establishes himself within a thousand

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or two miles of Columbia University, where he graduated.

Why does he turn his back upon that most beautiful of lands? Why do not the bulls of Bashan or the oaks of Edom attract him? Why does he prefer the waters of Kentucky or Minnesota or the Yellowstone or Oregon to the Abana and Pharpar, to the Jordan and the streams which water Edom?

It is because even on the very frontier of American civilization he finds *Law*. But under the oaks of Edom there is no law. For he would not be established in Edom three months in his new bungalow, with the mingled comforts of the East and West, or as I say, the luxuries of a palace and the comforts of a log cabin, before some Arab sheik would come down upon him, would steal his Jersey cattle and his Angora sheep, and he would have no remedy. But on the other hand, in Montana, in Wyoming, in Manitoba he would be under the empire of *LAW*.

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My second parable shall be this: Twenty or thirty miles from Munich in Bavaria, sixty years ago or thereabout, there were born fine twins. The oldest was named Hermann and the youngest was named Emerich. Their father was a German farmer and they grew up in the open air in the work of a farm. The custom of that country gave the precedence to the older of the twins as they grew in years. When they became eighteen both of them served in the Bavarian army for the three years which were enough to make them accomplished soldiers, and at twenty-one they had their destiny before them. Hermann resolved to stay at home. Emerich kissed his father and mother and came to America.

The day he landed at New York, a gentleman acting for a Western railroad company met him on the pier, laid before him a plot of land in Illinois, and explained to him that this company would sell him a farm and that he might have ten years in which to pay for it.

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To which Emerich replied that he had but ten dollars in the world and that he could not buy it. But the gentleman encouraged him, gave him a free pass to that Western paradise, let him live in a freight car there for two months while he was building for himself a log cabin, put him in connection with a man of five years' experience, and rather to Emerich's surprise, at the end of a year, he found he was able to make his first payment on his new farm. Oh, well, it is all of twenty years ago, when a man who knew him told me this story. Emerich was then living in a charming house—shall I say a palace—overlooking a charming series of fields which ran down to a beautiful river. On the one side of him was a young forest of which he had planted the acorns and cones. On the other side were beautiful orchards of which he had planted the trees and seeds. His sons and his daughters were around him, with everything that modern civilization can accumulate for

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interest in music, in art, or in literature. One of them for aught I know is here in Columbia in his studies. Once in a year Emerich wrote a letter to Hermann and at the expiration of a month or two he had from Hermann a reply.

Hermann after waiting for ten years had married the woman whom he loved. They also had a family of children, every one of whom was a hewer of wood and a drawer of water. They lived still in the Bavarian cabin, half of mud and half of stone, which was believed to have been built by their great-grandfather's grandfather in the days of Barbarossa, and Hermann felt some anxiety, at the last accounts, of what would come to the grandchildren who begin to appear upon the scene.

I first heard of them thirty years ago at a dinner of the Forefathers' Society in the City yonder, when William Evarts was speaking. In fewer words than I have used

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Evarts described the contrast of the two brothers and then he said, "Gentlemen, what makes the difference between the lot of one twin and the lot of the other? The difference is this . . . Emerich has the privileges of an American citizen. Hermann has the privileges of a Bavarian subject. Yes; and why should not the hard-working Bavarian farmer fare as well as the American?" He made a pause for thirty seconds before he replied, and then he said, "It is because the Bavarian through his whole life has been carrying a soldier on his back."

This is precisely true, gentlemen of the Moral Forces. In the paradise where Emerich had established himself he scarcely knew that he was taxed. In the paradise in which Hermann was born he spent one or two tithes of his income in the payment of his taxes. And as his five sons grew up, instead of sending them to the university or enjoying their company and their service on

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the farm, he was obliged to send them into the army.

Of which differences the result in present history is that Germany is Germany; Bavaria is Bavaria; and America is America.

As you know, I might recite hundreds of such stories. I will be satisfied with these. The lesson is always the same,—is this:

The success or the prosperity of America is due to the Moral Forces at work in America. The Moral Forces at work in America are two. Most simply stated they are God and Man.

You can take longer words and use what you call philosophical language; you can say, "the Power which works for Righteousness," as Mr. Arnold says, if you like to use what I call the polysyllabic language. You can say "the science of history" if you like, where I prefer to say MAN. But whether you use long words or short, the truth is the same, that physical America has never done much

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by physical methods for itself. The geological physical series of strata of rock and gravel which we call eozoic, oligozoic, tertiary, primary, or by any other good long Latin or Greek name, has never done much by physical methods for America. Thus there is not on record that any ingot of copper on the side of Lake Superior ever made itself into a percussion cap. There is not on record that any prairie in North Dakota of itself produced wheat, which of itself turned into flour, and of itself went to the Hebrides or to Ceylon or to Tasmania to feed a hungry family or to answer their daily prayer for daily bread. The flour has gone from North Dakota to Tasmania, but the Moral Forces carried it, not the physical. Or speaking in two words of three letters each, the flour was created and carried there by God and Man.

This seems a simple thing to say. Perhaps you think it idle to say it. But you do not read a newspaper, you do not read a partisan

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platform which does not give this credit somewhere else.

When I was a little boy of eight studying history, I found in the school history of the United States the statement that on a certain night in August, 1776, the Providence of God so arranged the affairs of this world that in a dense fog Washington was able to retire from Brooklyn to New York City without the knowledge of the English General Howe, who was here on Long Island. With the pitiless criticism of childhood,—pitiless because simple, I wondered then, where the Providence of God had been in the two hundred and eighty-four years between Columbus and 1776, and in these other years which had followed between 1776 and 1830. The history in my hand recognized His interest in America in one night of August, but so far as that book went for the rest of that time, he was as Elijah said to the priest of Baal,

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“gone upon a journey.” A great many people talk so now. The precision, if you will call it so, or the daintiness, or idiocy, if you will call it so, of half the writers of the press to-day, of half the public speakers on the Fourth of July, of one in ten of the gentlemen who barter in stocks on Wall Street, leads them to a similar expression and to similar silence resulting in praise of physical agencies. We are told that Mr. So-and-So advanced America thus and thus by smelting iron in the proper way;—or we are told that Mr. What-You-May-Call-Him advanced America thus and thus by an invention which he made in a certain gravel scoop. But it does not seem worth while to the writer or the speaker to mention the much more important truth that somebody somewhere,—some “power which makes for righteousness,” chose to lay some copper loose on the ground on the shore of Lake Superior, or some iron loose on the ground by its side. We are not

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reminded that some power, somewhere, somehow, chose to leave in the prairie of Dakota the protoplasm and the alkalies and the other agents and reagents, which when somebody somehow brought them together and separated them in the right way resulted in a loaf of bread on a table in Tasmania. But really, when one is tracing things to their origin, it is as well to remember that certain physical forces have existed since this world came into being and before, which in our time have been co-operating together. And it does not hurt us to acknowledge that we ourselves are good for something or are good for nothing, in proportion as we acknowledge that we are of the nature of that Power who makes for righteousness. If we be of the short word kind, we say as the apostles said and the Master said, that "Man is a Son of God," that God is our Father,—we say, he shares God's nature if he will. You say, as Paul said, that when you choose "to will and to do of

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God's good pleasure," God is working with you.

Let us take our story of Emerich and Hermann and strip it to pieces. Let us see what is the thread which holds together the different beads of its embroidery. The prairie on which Emerich established himself was a prairie when Columbus on the eleventh of October, 1492, ran the *Santa Maria* up as near the beach as he dared to come on a sand key in the Bahamas. It had been a prairie since the last ice wave receded; Dr. McKay will tell you how many thousand years before. It had produced prairie grass. It had been trampled over by buffaloes. It had produced prairie grass again. It had been trampled over by buffaloes again. But no cotter in the Scotch Highlands, no Buddhist in Ceylon had been fed by the bread which it sent to the harvest.

No, on that happy day when Columbus landed at San Salvador, America was white

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paper. This region which we call the United States was a region of woods, of prairies, of meadows, of lakes, and rivers. Men tell us, in round numbers, that there were six or seven million square miles here as there are now. The people who know tell us on those seven million square miles there roamed or slept or starved about two hundred and fifty thousand redskins,—men, women and children, of what we please to call the Indian races,—about as many as there are now, they say. It is an easy sum in division, there was one of these red men, women, children or babies, on each twenty-eight thousand square miles. For instance, they say that nobody lived in the State of Vermont,—that Mohawks and Mohegans went up there to kill deer or salmon, but went back again to their homes. For instance, again, when Coronado strayed from the Seven Cities of Arizona with his gallant cavaliers in 1546 to explore the Mississippi Valley, they rode and they rode and they

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rode, eastward and eastward, hoping to find the Atlantic; and they met no man. They met buffaloes, they met antelopes, but no man. The sun rose and set, and there was no man. Day passed after day, week after week, and they saw no man. Month passed after month, and they rode and every night they rubbed down their horses, tethered them, and went to sleep, and woke again; and again rode eastward; and there was no man. These were the regions which we call Colorado, Kansas and Nebraska, but still there was no man. They were brave men, those fellows with Coronado, but at last they were frightened. Had God made a land where you could speak to nobody?

At the present moment, as you know, those same regions are sending bread to Europe and Asia and Africa, yet for three hundred and fifty years after Columbus landed they were as desolate as that. Now they are covered with happy homes. I am speaking very

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likely to cultivated gentlemen and ladies who come here from that land of schools and colleges and libraries. Or it happens very likely that as you and I ate the biscuit which was on this morning's breakfast table, it was biscuit from that wilderness.

What works this change? This works it: Within the last fifty years some men and women have come into that region who knew they were children of God. They knew they could share his omnipotence. The Red Men of Columbus's time had not known this. They were afraid of Nature, they were afraid of God, and they did not work with God. But the men and women born to our inheritance know they are partakers of the Divine Nature. They do not express it in those words of Saint Peter, but in their lives they live up to that rule. Is there lightning? They are not afraid of lightning; it is their lightning; it is their Father's lightning, who has given it to them. Is there tempest? It is their tem-

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pest; it is their Father's tempest, and He bids them shackle it. Is there a storm cloud? Does it rise upon the mountains? It is to distill into the rivers, flowing into the sea. It is His storm cloud, and it is theirs. Man, the Child of God, takes up his Father's work. Where he finds the cataract flowing, he chains the cataract and puts in his turbines. He handles the electricity which God has left loose for him. He bids it go and work in his place at the forge or in the mill; he becomes a fellow worker with his Father. This is the privilege which comes to people whose daily prayer asserts their origin and their destiny. "OUR Father who art . . . "

Give such a word to such people, and they become the fellow workers of the conscious God. "They mount on wings as eagles, they run and they are not weary; they walk, but they are not faint." His is the harvest field and into that harvest field they enter children with the Father, Father with the children.

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He prepares the prairie and His child ploughs the prairie. His child scatters the wheat; He produces the harvest. Is it His work? Is it their work? They do not know. They ought not care. It is one work, the work of the Father and the child. It is all in the family. "Man also is a creative force."

TO SPEAK in elementary language and to apply this central truth to the illustrations with which I began, we find the reason why our young friend John Stuyvesant places his home where it is, somewhere within two thousand miles of us,—which, as I believe I said, united the luxuries of a palace with the comforts of a log cabin. He could not stay in Edom, but he could live on the Western Reserve, or in Nebraska, or in Minnesota. There were better oaks in Bashan than there were in Minnesota. The feed for his Alderneys was quite as good in Edom as he found in Kentucky. But here he found *law*; and there he

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found none. Here he was in a land where men had found out, by hook or by crook if you please, but by the training of nineteen centuries, that Law is the daughter of the voice of God. And he found that those men had highly determined that they would live under a government of Law. Philosophically stated, I suppose, we may say that with Habeas Corpus and whoever introduced Habeas Corpus, our American Christian homes began. Was it Alfred, was it the Barons of King John, was it the Constitutions of Clarendon, was it by the Constitution of 1787? No matter. By giving to every man his personal freedom, unless the Law obstructed it,—I suppose then and there the beginning was made of our American Christian homes. After a little the first sequence follows. A man's house is his castle; even Law shall not disturb him in that castle unless by the sacred methods which the Law itself lays down.

A great soldier once said to me, half in

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joke, that I should never find constitutional liberty south of the Tropic of Cancer. "No home," he said, "no constitution. No fire-side, no home. If a man can sleep and wake and eat, and sleep again under a banana tree, and if nobody ever summon him to fight for his altars and his fires, he will never have a home, will never have law, will never have a country, and will never have a constitution." This epigram is false, as epigrams are apt to be, but it contains the kernel of eternal truth, which is worth remembering. For we are apt to think that Habeas Corpus, this right of a man to himself, this right of a man to his family life, is something, of course, because it is central. It is central; but every one does not enjoy it. Such men as Egbert and Alfred and Cromwell's men and the men of our Revolution asserted for you and me this infinite privilege, and because of that privilege Minnesota is a place of homes while Edom is a stalking ground for bandits.

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Or take the second of my parables,—the parable of Emerich and Hermann. Why does this Bavarian carry a soldier on his back and why does the citizen of Illinois fight in his own battles if there is fighting to be done without any soldier on his back? The answer is simply another statement of the Moral Forces,—that We the People have established this Constitution. What does this mean? It means that in the course of ages We the People have found out that we are the children of God. We are not totally depraved, we are not children of the devil, we are not born in sin and conceived in iniquity. We all dare say, *Our* Father who *Art* here. We dare claim the companionship with the great ruler. We dare adapt his law to our purposes. We know that his reign is here,—is indeed at hand, and we mean to live in his kingdom. We dare borrow from his omnipotence. With the great lesson of the American Revolution, the people of this country found out what

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this sonship and this fatherhood meant. "It is a great thing," as Saint John says, that "we should be called the sons of God." It is great; it is wonderful, but TRUE. It is sometimes said that the experience of soldiers corrupted the Revolutionary veterans. Not so! If you compelled every man to go out "agin' Burgoyne," as you did, you granted every man universal suffrage though you did not know it. He knew that he was a part of the nation. So it is that the farmer in Illinois has not to pay his quota for any army of sixty thousand soldiers which shall keep the royal family of Illinois upon the throne. But poor Hermann in Bavaria, alas, has to pay his quota for seventy thousand men in Bavaria. No! the great central moral law of the universe is established on the Western prairie. There is no need of an army to keep the Governor of Illinois in his seat. He does not have an escort of cavalry when he goes from his boarding-house to the state house. There

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is no necessity for providing a palace and an establishment for each of his children or his grandchildren. Why, the Governor is not even the ruler of Illinois. The people of Illinois rule Illinois, and the Governor is simply their highest servant. In Bavaria, Hermann finds a very different state of things. Hermann's sons for three years have to be presenting arms and carrying a musket at right shoulder shift, for fear some insurrection in Munich should throw a crazy king from his throne. But when the People assume the directorate in the government of the People, for the People, by the People, there is no need of such machinery.

We are, then, to examine the foundations of democratic government. The attack on democratic government, whether led by the bully Carlyle or a dainty critic like Matthew Arnold, is always the same attack. It was that of the Dutch Governor in Knicker-

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bocker. The Governor said, "You would not give your watch to be mended to one of this crowd of people in the streets. Why should you give to a man so ignorant as that the charge of the state?" To the nice "Remnant" people, as Mr. Arnold calls them, the dainty people, the people who do know about the correlation of forces and evolution and the atomic theory,—the people who do know the difference between seize and sieze,—the people who read a newspaper only once a week and read a pessimistic one at that,—they join in the same cynical question. Phi Beta orations, even valedictories at Commencement, are apt to be tainted that way. Why, I remember hearing the venerable Dr. McCosh explain to his hearers that the educated men of America are a sort of House of Lords of America, and that America would do well if she let this House of Lords govern her. As for "this people, they know not the Law," this is what the Dutch Governor said, as it had been said

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eighteen centuries before him by people of his class.

All this grows very naturally and not foolishly out of the consecrated wish to "get the best." That is a fine American motto. I see it is applied to the choice of dictionaries. I do not read the advertising sheets of a magazine through without being solicited to "get the best." Would it not be very fine, it is natural to ask, if the President of Princeton or Columbia or of Harvard could select, you know, well, much as Plato would have had them, you know, a set of fine strong fellows with good principles and good instincts, and, well, could teach them everything that governors ought to know,—Aristotle's ethics, Confucius's maxims, the Vedas, say, with their Bibles,—then would it not be quite fine if in Phi Beta Kappa, or in the annual convocation of our university, we could select one who did know about government? Did know how Pericles did it, and how Charlemagne did it,

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and how it ought to be done, and how it ought not to be done? No! It is not true that our elegant friends of the "remnant" are satisfied when a man knows the difference between the optative and the subjunctive, whether he knows about *Lachesis* and *Lachesis*. No! They really want to have him commissioned by some sort of divine law of selection, the wise and learned men who know the best things. Is it not very fine when a nation finds such a director? Yes! it is very fine. But, on the other hand, the world has learned that it is not very fine when a system which gave you such a director gives you a Caligula or a Borgia, or a Louis XVIII or a George IV. Men find out first of all that the wars and jealousy which result in the selection of such rulers are themselves an evil which the best ruler cannot control. And democracy, universal suffrage, is able to say for itself, "I give the election of the officers of government to the majority of the people, because I am

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sure of domestic PEACE while I do so." The party which Tammany has beaten is willing to wait two years that it may defeat Tammany. Or when the Democrats are turned out, they instantly begin to say, "See what we will do next time." Whatever else government by universal suffrage cannot claim, it can claim this, that men had rather contend by ballots than by bullets, and that it secures internal freedom and peace. The Illinois farmer does not have to take his sharpshooter to kill his neighbor on the other side of the river. He simply subscribes for another copy of the county newspaper and rides over to see the editors and tells them what they must do before the next time.

"But that is horribly optimistic," men say. So it is. It is so optimistic that you do not dare say this to the King of Ashantee, you do not dare say it to the autocracy of Russia. The dainty people of the "remnant" say to you what is true, that you are intrusting your

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election to the average of your people. Thus you do not choose Dr. McCosh President of the Republic; you do not choose Mr. Waldo Emerson, or Louis Agassiz, or Cuthbert Hall, or Dr. Vincent. And it is not simply the President of the Republic about whom you are agitated. You are practically confiding to universal suffrage the appointment of every street sweeper, every paver, every weigher and gauger at the Custom House. All the machinery of your administration is intrusted, in the last resort, to the decision of the average man. Make peace between factions as you please, but what sort of an administration do you achieve? Are your sidewalks as clean as those are in Buda Pesth? Are your statues as good as they are in Berlin? And is your tariff as wise as Adam Smith would have made it, or Jeremy Bentham, or Stuart Mill? That is a searching question and the reply is deep down in ethics.

For we come to the Moral Forces again.

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First, the world has learned in the last hundred years that man cannot get into heaven by the multiplication table. The world wants *good* government more than *wise* government or learned government. And our questions are questions of the moral forces, and not questions of mental acuteness or of well-instructed memory. This "average man," as you call him, not only reflects the average of intelligence, but he reflects the average of virtue, the average of truth, the average of purity.

Now, you do not find honesty, purity, truth to be especially gifts of those persons who have passed their higher literary examinations. Is the applause given to self-sacrifice and virtue at the theater more enthusiastic in the boxes than it is in the gallery? The instincts of faith and hope and love are not blunted because a man supports his family on ten dollars a week; and are you sure that those instincts are more pure when he speaks

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a dozen languages and belongs to half a dozen clubs? Here is the first answer which universal suffrage urges in its defense.

But that answer is quite insufficient. Try that answer in Ashantee or in Smolensk, and it does not wholly fit. No, concede bravely as in universal suffrage you have to concede, that taking things through and through, the average man has a power which autocrats might envy him; and yet you are forced to say what shall happen to the average man in social order, in right before the law, in education.

Now here is your central and final answer. And if you accept the challenge your republic will succeed. It will become prosperous beyond any old definition of prosperity. Your republic will be great according to the highest standard of true greatness.

If you treat the last as the first you will succeed. If you treat the cottage as you treat the palace; if you treat the beggar as

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you treat the prince born yesterday in the purple, your republic will succeed. If you take your Heavenly Father's advice and go about His business in His way. If you arrange the education of the people as He arranges the dews and the sunshine for the prairie. If you arrange justice in your courts for all sorts and conditions of men as He rules, by one universal law, which the prince cannot escape nor the beggar, you will succeed. If you dare to say "*Our Father*" as if all were brothers. If you dare say that as the good God of Heaven treats with an even hand every child born into the world, you will give to each all that the state has to bestow. The draught of water in that beggar's cabin shall be as pure and sweet as if it flowed from a faucet at the White House. He shall be as certain that he is fairly paid as if he were cutting off his coupons. His child is protected from the tyrant of the factory,—nay, his hands are held so that he shall not himself

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be the tyrant. And in every schoolroom the state provides its best.

It does not follow that the man is grateful. It does not follow that he takes the great gift of universal education which this theory of equality offers. But it does follow that you can safely leave to the average man that great decision which you are intrusting to him.

Thus we found ourselves in the Civil War. In his first message Abraham Lincoln said coolly that there were single regiments, both in the Northern and Southern armies, from which a man could select persons competent to fill every high office in the republic. I have heard the remark ridiculed as buncombe by men who did not know what they were talking about. But a man who knows this republic knows that that was true. And our verdict on the curious questions of democracy and universal suffrage will be made as we rightly study the average man, the rank and file.

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The success of our republic or its failure turns on the moral forces in the rank and file. And on all serious occasions,—on such occasions as this we have to ask first, what do we know of this rank and file? and second, what is the training which the State is giving them?

The directors of education in this country are alive just now, thank God, to the necessity of training men's eyes and hands to what they call the industrial callings. It shall be a good horseshoe and not a bad horseshoe; it shall be a pail that holds water and not a pail that leaks. This is a step forward for the man who is herding cattle in Montana. It is better that he shall know how to shoe his horse than that he can tell me about the constitutions of Clarendon. So far as it goes, that is very well. But for a republic we must not stop there. That the cattle man shall know how to say to Satan, "Get thee behind me,"—that should be the aim of his educa-

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tion. You and I should be asking how the stoker in the steamship shall know and love his duty. How the fireman in a snowdrift on the prairies blocked by the drift of a blizzard for forty-eight hours shall stand at his post and keep his engine alive. That man ought to know,—thank God if he do know,—what it is for a man to be his brother's keeper. How often God only knows on the conduct of that man turns the fortunes of a thousand others. God has spread over the land with lavish hand the copper and iron and silver and gold which you and I are sending over the world. Who are the men who are working with Him? Who is he using in this distribution?

He is using men and women of honor and truth; he is using men,—nay, children, of faith and prayer. So far as he uses them every one succeeds. From the good wheat he creates the good flour; he sends the flour across the nation; he sends it across the ocean, and it answers the prayer for daily

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bread of the men and women who never heard of the wheat fields of Dakota or Nebraska. Yes, if the thousand children whom he is sending about their business are willing to die as Arnold Winkelreid died, or if in some harder service of life, they are doing his will. But alas, and alas, if this man shirk his work, or if that woman shirks hers,—alas, if this be a rotten bolt which is driven in the barge. Alas, if this sleeper have been laid carelessly. Alas, if that rivet were not rightly headed! “Nothing but truth before his throne with honor shall appear.”

And so with the republic and its enginery. We do not ask, as I said, that the average man shall write Latin verses or tell us the use of sheva vocal. But we do ask that he shall love God and hate the devil,—we do ask that he shall love purity and hate adultery. We do ask that he shall walk in the Law of the Lord. If he do our Republic prospers. If he do not, no; our Republic goes where the empire

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of Caligua and Domitian went, where Carthage and Babylon went. Blessed are the undefiled in the way who walk in the Law of the Lord.

The success of the American Republic is due to the empire of the Moral Forces. In our new century the Moral Forces are to control the physical forces of America.

We have created these giants which we call engines and dynamos and they serve us. They will have to serve us; they will have to obey God and Man. God and Man are the Moral Forces. They are to control the new century.

II

The Ideas of the Founders

WHEN our poet diplomatist, Lowell, was at the prime of his life, he met, in Paris, Guizot, the last Prime Minister of poor Louis Philippe. If we painted historical pictures now, here would be a subject for one. Lowell, at the very height of his power, represents the young nation whose life scarcely covers that of two generations of men, but it is when men are beginning to look forward to its growth in strength and prosperity. On the other hand, Guizot, philosopher and historian, represents the failure of the Feudal System. They have done their best in France with what they called the Charter to patch up what they called constitutional monarchy ;

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and the end of that was that in the Revolution of 1848 Louis Philippe had fled to England, and Guizot with him. It is hardly fair, perhaps, after half a century, to recollect that the radical opposition of his day called him the Walpole of France—"Valpoule." But that is what he was, whether they called him so or no.

When the French Republic was well established, Guizot returned to France and there and then he met Lowell. It is once more the "old and the new face to face."

Guizot said to Lowell, "How long do you think the American Republic will endure?" That was naturally the question for a man who had seen his own handiwork go to pieces. And Lowell answered, "So long as the ideas of its founders continue to be dominant."

He wrote to me afterwards, "In my conversation with Guizot, I naturally explained that by ideas I meant also the traditions of their race in government and morals."

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Lowell himself alluded to this conversation and explained his view at some length in a speech which he made in New York in 1890. At that moment he was in one of his pessimistic moods, and I should be loath to say that that address of his represents his ultimate view of the duration of the American Republic. But the remark itself is pregnant. It conveys to the world what the world is so apt to forget, the true idea as to what the foundations of a Commonwealth are. It is not on this or that bit of paper, or this or that parchment, that we build. A hundred republics, a hundred monarchies, have tried to build upon the model of the Constitution of England, or the model of the Constitution of America; and they have already failed and they have already fallen and are forgotten. It is not by calling a king a president that you make a Republic. It is not by calling an Assembly a Congress that you make a Republic. The Republic is the government of

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the People, for the People, by the People. If the Ideas on which you build it are the Eternal Ideas, it will stand. If you forget them; if, as Paul says, you build on gold or silver or precious stones, or wood or hay or stubble, they last no longer than the gold lasts, or the stubble. If a king sits upon bayonets, as in the old phrase of Talleyrand, his seat will be uncomfortable, and when the time comes it will fall. If your Republic is really founded on faith, hope, and love,—these are the Eternities,—it will endure. It is with this view that I remind you of Lowell's answer to Guizot. It is as true now as it was then, and I shall ask you to study with me for half an hour the real foundations of the American Republic. We are not here that I may amuse you, or entertain you. We are here to renew, as far as we can, in a few minutes, our memories of the ideas of the Fathers, on which the American Republic was built.

Let me repeat a prophecy of half a century

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ago which has curiously fulfilled itself as that half century went by.

In April, 1848, the young enthusiasts of America were wild with delight because the people of Paris had driven Louis Philippe and Guizot into exile. The newspapers and the face to face talk of the day said with enthusiasm "They have burnt the throne, they have burnt the throne!" and a Parisian mob had done that very thing.

I was young enough to share in the confidence and enthusiasm of young America, but at that moment I met Lieber, himself an exile who had been made an American when the Holy Alliance turned such people out of Germany. Lieber said to me what is in substance the same thing which Guizot said to Lowell, only it is the same statement backward, if you please.

"Why are you so confident?" he said. "What are you going to build upon? In America you built upon the conscientious

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convictions which created the church of the seventeenth century. In England you had even the old customs, older than Egbert, older than Alfred. Now in France you have destroyed all religious convictions and religious organizations; you have destroyed all reverence for national institutions, you have nothing to build upon but the army."

When within the year the little Napoleon crowned himself, and when for twenty-three years he administered the Empire while he sat upon bayonets, we had constant cause to remember Lieber's prophecy. Up to the present moment, indeed, what is called the French Republic is little more than a military despotism. It is only just waking up to the feeling of what government by the People means. The students of modern life observe with a pathetic interest that no officer of sense or of genius is appointed to any high command in the great French Army.

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When we say the Fathers, we do not mean merely the men who wrote the Constitution of 1787. Mr. Gladstone's remark holds: "The American Constitution is, so far as I can see, the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man." But Mr. Gladstone knew, as all well-read men know, that this was not the first foundation. The historians vie with each other in trying to show how early even the forms of some of the constitutions may be found; and, as Lowell said, we have to go back to the traditions of their race.

The first instance occurs to every one. It is the tradition of equality which existed in the *practice* of the eight Northern States, when the Constitution of the United America was made,—and which, fortunately for mankind, existed in the *theories* of the five Southern States. Gouverneur Morris said to Josiah Quincy, in the early part of the last century, "Our mistake was in the beginning when we

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allied eight republics with five oligarchies." He meant, of course, by the five oligarchies, the five slave states. That *would* have been a mistake, as it was not, had not the leaders of the five Southern States in the Convention entertained the *theory* of equality, though they denied it in *practice*. It is never to be forgotten that the great words "all men are born free and equal" are the words of a Virginian.

And the severe practice of the Revolutionary War had brought into all men's notice not simply equality of rights, but the equality of duties. The Marquis de Chastellux, who was the confidential aid of Rochambeau, in his account of his journeys in America between Newport and Yorktown, covering a period of nearly two years, says squarely that he never met in America any American of military age who had not been in arms against the King of England. This was in Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Dela-

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ware, Maryland, and Virginia. I do not suppose he meant to include the blacks, but granting that exception, here is distinct evidence that the people had found out that if you mean to have a country, every man in that country has his duties. The first of these duties is that he must die in the service of his country, if it needs him.

I may say in passing, without wishing to offend anybody, that it is the failure to observe this necessity which condemns all the arguments of those who wish women to have the ballot. Women will have the ballot as soon as they appear with muskets in their hands in the posse comitatus of the sheriff. Until they take their share in maintaining the force of the community, they will not be permitted to express its wish. This, however, I say only by the way.

Now, this equality of men's duties carries with it the idea of the equality of their rights. There are countries in Europe now, and in

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some of these countries they speak the English language, where a man may not have a fire-arm in his house unless he has a license from the government. In our states, on the other hand, from a very early period, the Legislature had a habit of ordering the citizens to purchase and to keep fire-arms which were necessary for the State service. The Province of Massachusetts could order every man between the ages of 16 and 55, in the Valley of Connecticut, to buy a musket and shoulder it and march out against Burgoyne. What is more, it made them go. When these men came back, it was impossible to say that they should not have equal rights as citizens and voters. In fact, the State did not say this for many years afterwards, but gradually the equality of men prevailed so far that now every Northern and Western State in practice gives suffrage to every man who bears his share, by money or in arms, in maintaining the vigor of the community.

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Indeed the equality of rights before the law has gone so far as to affect even theological controversy. The Calvinist supposition, that only a few were elected to be saved, has gradually given way in a nation which finds that there is so much good in every man that the State may use him in its service.

In speaking of the Ideas of the Fathers, I do not care to go into much detail as to the extent in which they govern us to-day. But I will say that we see in the smaller country towns an adherence to this sense of equality as, from the nature of the case, we cannot see it in crowded cities. There is, indeed, something amusing in our history as it shows you how soon the feeling of equality re-established itself after the first settlers arrived from Europe. John Winthrop thought that, as Governor of Massachusetts, he was to be attended by four men with halberds. When the Court of Assistants would not vote him the halberds, Winthrop made four of his own

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servants carry them. But Winthrop very soon found what it is to be a servant of a Republic. And he found that he was servant, and not master. The halberds were relegated to the museums,—I had almost said, in half an hour. What does this mean? It means that so soon as they were building log cabins, one man who could swing an axe was in as much demand as another. If the churl could lift one end of the log as well as his master who was at the other, the sentiment of equality was at once implied, and what men tell us were the old habits of the Germanic forests appeared again.

This matter of equality deserves to be first spoken of, because it works itself into many details of to-day's administration. Take Public Education. You can make any feudal lord from the continent of Europe say he approves of public education,—or any baron, or squire, or knight of the shire from England. But if this is in a club room in the

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upper part of New York, it is a little apt to be accompanied with the statement that public education means the Three R's, reading, writing, and arithmetic. "It is a good thing, you know, for the man, you know, who carries your carpet bag for you, you know, to be able, you know, to read the address, you know. Or it is a good thing for the butcher to be able to add up the dollars and cents in his account book." But this concession is accompanied with the other statement that for the higher education, for what in practice gives the infinite joys of education, the people of wealth shall tax themselves, and what the Pharisees called "this people" must go perish without it. But this is all European. It is absolutely un-American. When we say equality of rights and privileges, we mean equality in health of body, and mind, and soul,—we mean equality of the right for pure water and pure air,—and among other realities, we mean equality in training, so that

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Jenny Lind shall come out Jenny Lind, though she be born in an attic. All laws with regard to the labor of children come into this demand; all laws with regard to health come into it; and, with the rest, the highest education which the State knows how to give must be offered freely to every boy or girl born within her borders. I think that the State would be wise if it forbade any hiring for money of any boy or girl under the age of sixteen. The State has undoubtedly a right, under the traditional definition of childhood, to compel its boys and girls to attend any schools it may choose to establish at any time before they are of age.

Such Equality before the law is the first of the ideas of the Fathers.

SECOND, and akin to this, is the instinct for "Together." It belongs certainly to all the Germanic tribes. In a way, it forms such organizations as those of the Six Nations of

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New York, or the tribal homes of the Southern Cherokees, or the great Pueblo Villages of the Southwest. At bottom, indeed, you might say that "together" is the foundation of all society, savage or civilized.

The English of it is that man is a gregarious animal, precisely as the bee is a gregarious animal. The bee will die if you put him into a greenhouse alone, even if you surround him with honey and air and all the carnal delights of a palace. So Robinson Crusoe is really impossible. The mental, moral, or spiritual development of Robinson Crusoe in Defoe's romance, for twenty-eight years in solitude, is simply impossible. He would, in fact, have degenerated and become a beast had he lived alone.

"Together," then, represents the second point which we are to name among the ideas of the Fathers. I suppose that frontier work like theirs almost compels it. No one man can build a log cabin. He is not strong

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enough to lift a log. If he be strong enough, he cannot be at both ends of the log at the same time. He cannot, then, have a log cabin unless he and some one else are together. In practice no one man can make a road. Indeed, he does not want any road unless he wants to go to some other man. They two make the road together; and in my study of political economy, or social order, I find no finer illustration of the foundation of our Commonwealth, extending from ocean to ocean, than I gain when in the spring I drive from the railway to my summer home, and to my joy meet with a circle of my friends and neighbors and townsmen who are putting the road in order. I am ashamed that I am not, with my own brogans and Cardigan and oxen, out working with the rest of them. But I stop and salute them, and they stop and salute me. They know that they are spending my money in the adventure. I have paid my tax because I do not join in this service, as I ought to. But

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they do it with their own oxen, they do it with their own hands, they do it with their own picks and shovels; and they are glad to have my money, but only to grease the wheels.

They illustrate for me the foundations of American society. They have not asked any knight or squire to make their road for them. It is our road, and we build it for ourselves. It is only by a certain dainty kid glove convenience, which I in my heart despise, that I have myself paid my taxes for the pecuniary part of this enterprise. One hundred years ago I should be doing what my grandfather did a hundred years ago,—I should be driving up my own yoke of oxen, to take my own part in the endeavor.

I am a New Englander. Let me speak of the New England illustrations. If I were of Dutch ancestry I should have others; but they would mean the same thing. When we New Englanders went into the fishery we went in together, and to this hour the Marblehead

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or the Gloucester fisherman goes out to his perilous duty, not as an individual, but as one of a company. From the skipper of the fishing-boat who commands, to the greenest boy who comes to learn, they are working on shares. Every one takes care of every other. If the perilous voyage secures great success, it is great success to each. If it is a dead failure, it is a dead failure to each.

As long as our whale fishery lasted, from the very beginning, we have carried it on in the same way. This was no sentimental translation from the text of Fourier or Robert Owen. It was the instinct of the New England clan. According to me, it is pity of pitities that when a century ago we went into the manufacture of cotton and woollen textiles by machinery, we did not work according to these ideas of the Fathers. What did take place, unfortunately, was that it was necessary to send to England for the machines, or for the drawings on which the new factories

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should be built. The traditions were the traditions of England. So a company of capitalists or a capitalist was to own the plant, and to hire the workmen. That system has continued until now. But a truer system would have been that which we are beginning to see renewed, that in which the capitalist and the workmen are all in one venture, "every man according to his ability," as the Bible says. The millionaire who prefers to be examining the Second Cataract of the Nile, even while he leaves his princely yacht there to copy the inscriptions of Rameses III, is in his way at work with the middleman who is studying dyes and markets and interesting himself in a new machine; and with that boy who sweeps the floor or shovels the snow in winter.

To the students of social order who talk of the breach between capital and labor I have to commend this tradition of the Fathers, the tradition of Together. The small towns of

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America are still the object lessons for the statesman. They are the towns in which each traveler nods to the man he meets, whether he knows his name or not. In their simple life, I know if Tom, at the next door, has a cough, and I send down the paregoric or the squills. Tom, on his side, knows where the trout are in the brooks, and he sends up to my boy to say that he will take him a-fishing. I bear Tom's burdens and he bears mine. Let the sociologist remember that he wants to maintain such relationships in the large cities, as well as in the pleasant intimacies of Tuxedo, of Auburn, or of Arcadia.

A curious memorial of the days of mercantile commerce survives in the care which we take of sick or aged seamen. Under the old law, enacted when most New Englanders went to sea, a registered seaman to this hour pays to the government of the United States a fraction of his month's wages. His father did before him, and his father did it before him,

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so that seaman takes it as a matter of course that he should do it. And in return, the United States Government provides for him a hospital where it takes care of him without charge to him, if he is disabled by disease or by old age. When any of us venture to say that the State ought to take such care of its aged workmen in other callings, we are called dreamers or fanatics. It is, therefore, worth observing that the nation has done this for more than a hundred years in its care of people whose business is at sea.

I had the pleasure, last spring, of joining with four or five hundred intelligent gentlemen and ladies who are associated in the work of the great piano factory of Chickering. It was the celebration of the eightieth year since Jonas Chickering built his first piano in Boston, and we had it there with the latest improved creation of the company, so that one of the first musicians of the world might compare the two. In eighty years of that

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organization there has been no serious jar between those who paid the wages and those who received them. I have almost a right to say that it was an ideal happy family. And when I asked one of my teachers and sympathetic friends who knew, "What is the secret?" he said, "It is an open secret." He said, "Every man, every woman, every boy in the five hundred, has a common interest in *Music*. There is, therefore, a free and sympathetic intercourse and interest between what we call the employer and what we call the employed." Free and sympathetic intercourse and interest! Wholly apart from wages, wholly apart from the mechanics of the thing, there exists *Music*,—this central ground in which they are at one with each other. And my mentor answered, "Free and sympathetic interest is what prevents any friction between Capital and Labor." Carrying this aphorism of his into the work of the Town, of the County, of the State, free and

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sympathetic interest in the education, in the law, in the health, in the intelligence, in the happiness of the community,—there is your open secret.

I know that I shall be told that in our city life real intimacies are impossible. How shall a man in Brooklyn pretend fellowship with five hundred thousand people, some of whom arrived in America yesterday. And, again, we ministers are told that we have a special advantage in this matter. It is the joy and pride of our calling that from day to day we mingle easily with all sorts and conditions of men.

To all which the reply is simple. Nobody wants you to know all Brooklyn or New York. But we do want, every one of us, to know twenty or thirty families, right and left of us. It is as the teacher of a Public School, if she is a consecrated woman, knows the families of her children. These teachers are the Ministers at large, as things stand, of our

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civilization. If they understand their duty, they are the personal friends of their pupils. If John is sick at home, the teacher knows it. If John's mother has died, the teacher is at the house with her sympathy and care. There is no reason why every man of us should not have his circle of such friends, some of them from Russia, yes; from Bohemia, yes; hewers of wood, yes. And somebody who knew told us this when he said, "All ye are brethren." *ALL!*

You must pardon a stranger who, you will say, knows nothing of your affairs, if he say that he suspects that it is in the cordial personal intercourse between the Boss and the voter, which Tammany knows how to cultivate, that Tammany finds its strength, and wins its victory.

THIRD. Given the idea of equality, given the Gospel idea of Together, and, almost of course, you have another of the great Ideas of

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the Fathers, which I will name next,—the idea of Local Government, Home Government, we call it now,—the two are one and the same. The Village of Manhattan had to govern itself. There were six months at a time before they heard from Europe, and when they did hear from Europe, it was from men who knew nothing about them or their affairs. Before they had landed an hour, they had found out that all men must be equal. Before their adventure had lasted a year, they had found out that they must all work together. Why? Manhattan was independent of Fort Orange,—which is now Albany. Fort Orange was independent of Manhattan. Could those good fellows, one hundred and fifty miles up the river, wait for a schooner to drift and tack for a fortnight in bringing them the directions from the Governor at Manhattan? Not they! They had to govern themselves, and they did. So in a Massachusetts town. Was Paxton, fifty miles back in the moun-

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tains, to wait till they were instructed from Boston as to the rights and wrongs of George Third? Not a bit of it! Paxton held a town meeting, declared war against George Third, ordered its selectmen to buy powder, bullets, and the flints which were necessary to carry on that war.

This is the instinct for Home Government. I do not care a straw what the philosophers call it. It is one of the foundations. You may say you found it in the Germanic forests, or that you found it in the inspirations of Alfred. I do not care what you say. It is the habit, so to speak, of our Fathers. And in notable instances you find it now.

Since October came in I went to a country town in Massachusetts of less than five thousand people. The church,—as fine a church as there is in Brooklyn, a better church than I know in Boston,—had been built by the People of the town. No Bishop told them to build it; no Presbytery told them to build it.

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They built it themselves. The church was excellently lighted with Edison lights, as well lighted as this building. And I said in my dumb Cockney way, "Who owns the plant which makes the electricity?" My friend answered with a sort of surprise, "Why, the Town of Reading owns it." "Who gave the Town of Reading its authority?" "Authority? The Town of Reading asked for no authority. The Town of Reading wanted an electric plant. They put it into the warrant for the Town Meeting; they held the Town Meeting, and they ordered the plant." Or this clear, sparkling water which they gave me at the elegant dinner where I sat. "How do you get your water?" "The Town of Reading brings it. The Town of Reading found the wells were unequal. The Town of Reading knew that every man was entitled to good water. That old lady of ninety whom you parted with just now, who lives in her house quite alone, was entitled to as good

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water as the gentleman who introduced you. And the Town of Reading ordered that water should be brought into her kitchen, as it has ordered that the Edison Electric Light should be brought to her, if she wanted to read her Bible or her Ingersoll." "Who gave the Town of Reading this authority?" "Authority? This is the authority: 'We, the People of Reading, came together in Town Meeting, we ordered the engineer to build us the water works, we dammed the river, we bought the patent from Mr. Edison, and we lighted our town.'"

Compare that autocracy of the American village with the circumlocution of the Feudal system. Suppose a village in France needs a bridge across the river. Who shall build it? Why, the Préfet must be told that it is needed. Who is a Préfet? I have looked it out in the dictionary, and I learn that he is the chief magistrate of a district called the Préfecture. Well, he is told that the people need

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a bridge. The Préfet must communicate with somebody else, and he must communicate with somebody else, and he must communicate with somebody else; and he must obtain the appointment of a commission of engineers, appointed Heaven knows how and nobody knows by whom. They must come down from Paris to this brook, and see what is needed and what is not needed. And they must report to some other Board, they must report to somebody else, and they must report to somebody else; and after the son of the grandson of the great-grandson of the man who first petitioned is well in his grave, we may hope that the Central Department of Works in Paris has determined whether the bridge shall be of iron or of steel or of copper, and where it shall be and where it shall not be. It is all "Quasha tell Quogga to tell Sambo to pick up that pin."

Home Government, or Town Government, or Local Government! Call it as you choose,

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or do not call it at all, if you do not want to, but remember that this is one of the foundations of the American system.

THE men who made the Constitution of United America were from thirteen different states which had been made independent by the Treaty at Paris of 1783. In speaking of the Fathers, however, we are not speaking of the men of 1787 alone. We are speaking of men, some of whom lived a hundred years before them, as these different English plantations on the seaboard of America were growing into the independent states which had defied the English king. The truth is that virtually these states were independent from the very beginning. The Atlantic Ocean unconsciously rolling was a great factor in history, "Our unsubsidized ally." The Atlantic Ocean made these states virtually independent long before the Congress of 1776 declared their independence. Observe, then, that it

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was the *Declaration* of Independence which the forty-five fathers signed.* It was not a petition for it, nor a claim. It was an assertion, a declaration. Almost from the beginning the men whom Mr. Lowell calls the Fathers may be divided into two classes. There was a school of equality at the North, of which I have spoken. And by the end of the eighteenth century there was another school at the South, educated in an oligarchy, where the white man considered himself the superior of the black man and did not mean to admit his equality. So great was this divergence that there could have been no union, but that the Southern leaders in these oligarchies, in one school and another of politics, of sentiment, or of religion, had taken up the philosophical theories of equality, whether they had been used to it in practice, or no.

* A correspondent eager to abridge the documents of history writes to me to say that the Declaration of Independence may be abridged into these six letters: O. C. U. C. Q. B.

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They had read their Voltaire and Rousseau and D'Holbach, their Locke and their Hobbes. They knew they were founding a state, and most of them regarded the institution of slavery as one of the transient and temporary conditions which a generation or two would brush away. Of such theorists Thomas Jefferson is a good type; and so he and they did not hesitate to say in the Declaration of Independence, "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal." Indeed, it was not until the cotton industry, created by Eli Whitney's invention of the cotton gin, revolutionized the agricultural conditions of the five oligarchies, that such dangerous words as these were looked upon coldly in that section. As late as 1830, a Virginian writer says, "The disastrous effects of slavery are in some degree appreciated in Virginia, and the feeling of the rising generation is more strongly against it than that of the past. . . . The greater part of the

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people would regard as their best benefactor that man who devised a feasible method of delivering them altogether from it."

But it goes without saying that the mere physical condition of great agricultural communities, where the farmer directs his men but does not work with them, are foreign to the notion of equality which grows up, almost of course, in such states as Ohio, or New York, or Massachusetts.

Equality, Brotherhood, Home Government, which is local government, these were conditions of government quite as much matters of course among the Fathers as the English language in whose words they were written. And with this all along, first, second, and last, the undercurrent of them all, was the religious character or disposition or training of the Fathers. Of nine-tenths of them the American history was the history of emigration for religion's sake. And of the other tenth, the

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custom, what you might call the common law, was bred in their habits of worship and of ecclesiastical administration. You might talk of a Presbytery, you might talk, as in Maryland, of some form of reverence to Rome; but in practice, every church was an independent organization. Here comes in that reverent acknowledgment of the Will of God, and of the presence of God, which in the minds of the Fathers is wrought in with all they enact or do. Law is to them the voice of infinite justice, it is not a temporary arrangement made by a few neighbors with each other. It is something eternal.

It is easy to see how this disposition is bred in communities like the Presbyterian communities of New York, or the Congregational communities of New England, where every child as soon as he can lisp is taught that "the chief end of man is to live to the glory of God." This is not the glory of George First, or George the Second, any more than it is the

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glory of Louis XV, or of Charles the Second. It is God who has sent him out into the wilderness to fight the savage; it is to the glory of God that he breathes his last breath at Bloody Brook. In our New England States, the mere physical fact that the Town Meeting was held in the Meeting House, that for two hundred years the people would not call the church by any other name than the name of the Meeting House, in itself gave a hallowing consecration to the work of the Town Meeting. Those people of Paxton, of whom I spoke, received the sacrament of the Lord's Supper on Sunday, and on Monday, grouped around their communion table, they declared war against their king. Every boy and girl of them at school, before he learned that a-b spelt ab, joined in a prayer to the God of Heaven who as a loving Father was in the schoolroom. All this runs down through the history, from the first meeting of choppers and lumbermen on Manhattan yonder, to the

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moment when Ethan Allen took Fort Ticonderoga "in the name of God and the Continental Congress." Shall one say it lived in history in the moment when the captain of one of your war-ships, in the midst of victory, cried out, "Don't cheer, boys, for they are dying." When on the Lord's Day I ask the congregation to sing Whittier's hymn, marked with the name of Christianity in the hymn books, I do not always say to them that Whittier wrote it to be sung at a Democratic Festival for the celebration of the Fourth of July. But that is its history, and whoever studies the Constitution, even up to the present date, will find that in the Christian religion is the germ of everything of modern government, of the government of the People, for the People, by the People. The principle was laid down by the Saviour of Men when he said, "Who is greatest among you, shall be your bond-servant." Equality, Union, Town Meeting, Home Rule, are all

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apparent in such words,—“all for each, each for all.”

For your life and mine, to-day, and to-morrow, if we wish to maintain a Republic, we must keep in mind our own part in living up to the Ideas of the Fathers. This is not because they were the ideas of the Fathers, but because they are Infinite Ideas. They represent the eternities, which are but three. They represent Faith, Hope, and Love. If you please to put it so, they rest on absolute religion, the religion in which all men are of one blood, every man is a son of God, every man bears his brother's burdens. He who is First of all is the Bond-Servant of all.

Thus you and I have to respect local pride, we have to exhibit and encourage the pride of the neighborhood, the pride which made the people of that village hamlet insult and defy their distant king. This President in the White House, this Governor at Albany, they are not my rulers, they are not in any sense

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the sovereigns, they are the highest servants of this nation or this state. The sovereign is the People. When on a fixed day of the week my little girl at school stands in her rank and bows reverently when the flag of the nation is displayed, when she lisps out the words which show that she will be true to the union and freedom of which that flag is the emblem, I am teaching her at her home what is the people's duty and the people's privilege. When my neighbors and I meet together in a Ward Meeting, or the meeting of the Precinct to compel the Gas Company to keep their promises with us, we are asserting the sovereignty of the People. If I really care for good government, I do not leave to some self-asserting busybody to discuss or to carry into effect the measures which give to the policeman his baton, give to the scavenger his broom, give to the driver of the water-cart his brief authority. I engage myself in my place in that affair. We are

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not living in the forest together, it is true. I am no longer at one end of the log while John or Bernard is at the other. But in the most crowded street in Brooklyn, my neighbor and I are responsible, shall I say, to each other, that the ward is well administered, that the pavement is clean, or that there is any pavement. The decision in such things is not made by a Prefect in Albany, or in Washington,—it is made by you and me, by Home Government, Government by the People.

I do not assert this if I do not feel it. If I do feel it, if I know that here is the strength of America, I shall come round to know that the weakness of America comes when I, and men like me, withdraw into our libraries, or our palaces, or into any sort of cloister or hermit's cell,—as if we were unwilling to soil our hands by contact with other men. As the sergeant says when he drills us, we must "touch elbows with the rank and file." No trouble in this when I am fishing on the

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Rangeley Lake, or when I am arranging the bark for my blind in the forests of Number Four, in the Seventh Range on the frontier. Whoever comes that way, he has a word for me, and I have a word for him, whether he wear the moccasin of the trapper or the patent-leather boot of the tenderfoot; he and I have been introduced to each other by the good God of heaven. We are glad to meet—we two are one.

Now, I put much to risk when I throw away that friendly attitude. What I need and what the Republic insists upon, is that between me and my next neighbor, east and west of me, north and south of me, there shall be a common sympathy and understanding which shall make me know his language and make him know mine. As my friend of the pianoforte said, that the common love of music brought about the tie between the boy who packed the case and the artist who played in the Symphony, so you and I are to be

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proud and glad of the sympathies which bind us to the man who carries the mortar, or lays the brick, or melts the lead, or digs the sewer. We are not alone. We must bear each other's burdens.

And here I must ask for a moment in which to speak of the danger of losing this great power for the Republic which it gained from the local pride of the different states. There were days when a Massachusetts man believed in Massachusetts, a New Yorker believed in New York, a Carolinian believed in Carolina. Among many people that sort of pride exists now. It is always wholesome. Just now it needs to be specially cultivated. For all these people who come from abroad know nothing of it,—a million in a year! Many a man arrived here yesterday who does not know, strange to say, that there is any such State as New Jersey or Connecticut. Indeed, he does not know there is any New York as a State. He only knows those words as the name of the

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City where he lands. Nineteen-twentieths of the European emigrants know themselves as belonging to the United States, but they care nothing for the history of the State in which they live. They know nothing of its law; they have no pride in its prosperity. All this is bad. And by whatever local arrangements you and I can make, these men and our own children must be trained to the habit of the Fathers, which made Sam Adams really believe that the Province of Massachusetts could beat the King of England, as it proved in fact that it could.

We have a nation, thank God for that! We have a country, thank God for that! But as Paul said of the body, the country has hands and feet and arms. The hands must not say of the feet, "I have no need of thee." No! And the hand must not think that the body has no need of the hand. Most of you have forgotten about the Rebellion. Some of you have forgotten that there was a Re-

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bellion. But those of us who remember, know that the local pride of Indiana, the pride of Maine, the pride of Massachusetts, were immense factors in the strength of the United States. I can name to you hundreds of men in Massachusetts now who think that Massachusetts was the only State of any great account in the war. I can name as many hundreds in Indiana who think the same thing of Indiana. I can name as many hundreds in Maine who think the same of Maine. Now, that local pride, sometimes mistaken, if you please, is at the same time a factor of very great strength to the Union. The Union is a Union. It is not a confederacy. The United States is to be written with a hyphen in the middle, and the hyphen is to be a very black one, and a very strong one. But all the same, the motto of the Union is, "One out of many," *E Pluribus unum*. That is the motto, I may say, of the solar system and of the universe of God. Yet I do not dare ask in this audi-

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ence that those people shall raise their hands who know the magnificent motto of the State of New York in which they live. I am afraid that half of you would not be able to reply.

Our special duties, then, are given to us in the words, Equality of Rights, Together, Local Government. And all along, He who is greatest is to be your servant. And we are to remember that these words imply duties. Remember as well that there is no duty unless there is a present recognition of the Present God.

If Mr. Lowell had condensed into five words his answer to Mr. Guizot, he would have said that the Fathers succeeded because they believed God was with them, and that, therefore, they were omnipotent. "Men find they can because they think they can." And we may say more than this here, for these men were omnipotent because they asked for the strength of the Almighty, and that strength

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was given to them. Now, just so far or so fast as we do not "like to retain God in our knowledge," so far and so fast do we fall away from the eternal successes. We think we are very grand, we think we are very ingenious. We think we are very rich. Yes. There is no harm in thinking so, if we really know and make our children know from whom comes our strength, from whom comes our riches, whose law is our Law. If we forget that, or if we are too proud to assert it, our sun is gone down, our twilight begins, and after twilight, midnight.

"God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

"The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart;

